

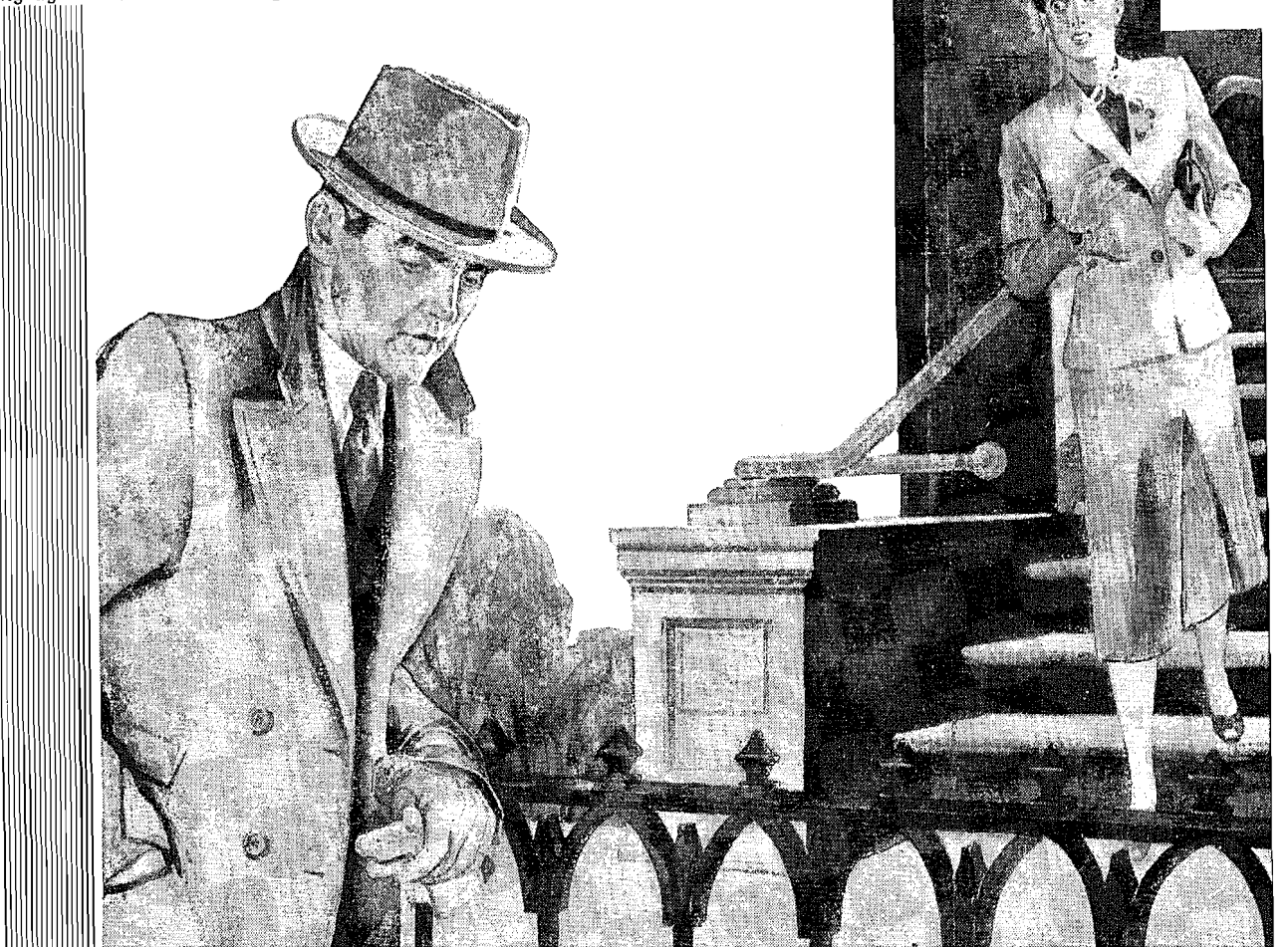
The War Cry

EASTER NUMBER, 1958



"What Happened To Your Hand?"

Gail descended the steps then stopped. For the second time that day her hands came up over her heart. A man was leaning against the iron railing. . . .



GAIL McChesney entered the office of the *Southport Blade* and with a nod and word of greeting to her co-workers, hung up her smart little hat and settled herself at her desk. At thirty-two, she was the typical career woman: tall, well-groomed, her blonde hair faultlessly arranged; only her blue eyes showed a trifle cold and hard.

The buzzer rang on her desk. It was her summons to the editor's office for her assignment. With notebook and pencil, she passed quickly down the corridor.

Charles Newton frowned. "I want you to take over Miss Hastings' column today."

Gail shook her head.

"It's not in my line," she protested. "Anything but that. Her human interest line requires sentiment, pathos—"

"Exactly. But they took her to the hospital early this morning. Emergency appendicitis. And you have until nine o'clock tonight to bring

me a human interest story with an Easter theme."

Gail sat silent, her mind racing. Today was Good Friday. And the day after tomorrow was Easter. Hugh had been so proud of her that first Easter, ten years ago. And now—

She shut a mental door on her thoughts. Newton was speaking again.

"Take the day, and try to dig up something good. And good luck!"

Gail went slowly down the corridor. Anything but a human interest assignment! Sentiment, pathos, religion—yes, of course, an Easter assignment should carry the religious note. And her faith in God had died that bitter day, three years ago, when Hugh had walked out of her life and left her alone, with Mom to support and a foolish, headstrong young brother to guide and restrain. Well, she had done it; at any rate, she had taken care of Mom, and if Randy had got himself

into trouble it hadn't been her fault. It had been Hugh's. . . .

Back at her desk, she took half an hour to read a number of Miss Hastings' old columns; then she put on her hat and coat and left the office. Out at the curb she paused, surveying the busy street in both directions. Sentiment, pathos, religion—

"I'll do it," she decided. "I'm going over to The Salvation Army and talk with that nice young woman Captain in charge. I'll tell her about --about Randy, and Mom. Maybe she can help me. And even if she can't, I might pick up a story."

But when she found herself seated opposite the quiet, dark-eyed girl in uniform, she did not find it so easy to begin.

"I—I understand the Army searches for missing persons," she stammered at last. "My—my brother, he's my half brother, really—we don't know where he is. He has been in the state reformatory. And his term expired—he came of age, you

EASTER ASSIGNMENT

know—in January. But instead of coming home, he wrote he had important business to attend to and was leaving for some place on the Pacific Coast. He didn't say where—in fact, he was quite secretive and mysterious about the whole thing. Later, he sent one card, mailed from the coast. It just said, 'Hope to be home soon. Don't worry.' His mother—my stepmother—followed his advice. Or at least, she fooled us all into thinking she did. She was such a bright, cheerful little thing. Nobody ever dreamed for a minute that she—"

Gail paused a moment to steady her voice.

"But I guess mothers are the same the world over. Night before last she had a heart attack. And she finally admitted to the doctor that she'd been fretting herself to death

saw she had been wrong; Randy adopted his brother-in-law as his youthful hero, and only when it was too late did she realize the results. Following a series of thefts, Randy was arrested. He, too, apparently, wanted easy money. He was found guilty and sentenced to the state reformatory until he was of age.

This had finally precipitated her break with Hugh. The quarrel had been bitter. Soon after, he had gone.

"I'm only a fifth wheel," he had told her in parting. "You think more of a newspaper than you do of me."

Three years. She wondered if he were dead or alive. Dead, probably. And Mom, the frail, sweet little stepmother who was all she had left in the world to love and cherish, might soon be gone, too. Unless Randy could be found. . . .

Gail looked at her wrist watch. It

BY STELLA OWEN

all this time about Randy. Afraid he'd got into trouble of some sort again, you know."

"I think I understand," murmured the Captain sympathetically. "If you will help me with his description now?" Gail gave it quickly.

She had walked a block down the street before she remembered that she had hoped to secure a story.

Easter! Ten years ago. She had just started to work for the *Blade*. Hugh—big, handsome Hugh McChesney—was the circulation manager. That Easter they had walked out together. She had worn the little hat trimmed with the blue cornflowers. Silly, to remember that now. In June, they were married.

Sudden, unwelcome tears stung her eyelids. They had been so happy those first two years. Even when the baby had died, she had thought she could stand it because she had Hugh.

And then they had begun "stepping out." Hugh had started to drink and after that, to gamble. She had returned to her old work at the *Blade*. The kind of clothes and entertainment she wanted cost money—lots of money. Through it all, though, she had done her best to shield Hugh. Now, looking back, she

was nearly two o'clock. She would pick up a sandwich and then go out to the hospital and spend the afternoon with Mom. After all, the hospital might be a good place to get her story.

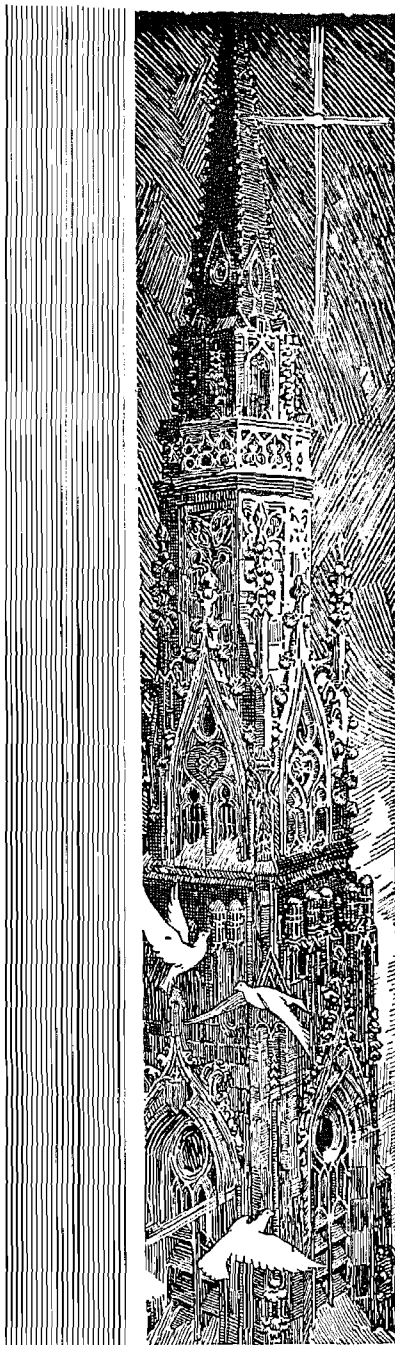
But she did not find it there; instead, she sat quietly beside Mom's bed, holding the little white hand in her own, as though by her own strength she could urge the tired heart to beat a little stronger. Her eyes, roving past Mom's worn Bible on the bedside table, fell on a magazine. With her free hand, she picked it up and examined it.

"*The War Cry!*" she whispered. "And—of course, it's the Easter number." She turned the pages, reading at random a number of featured Bible verses:

"*Wherefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new. . . .*"

"*That like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. . . .*"

She placed the paper back on the table and sat very still. Newness of life—if only it were possible to live life over again! Success, money, fame—these had been her gods.



Too late. . . . It was too late now. . . .

"*Verily I say unto thee. Today shalt thou be with Me in paradise.*"

Again she was conscious of words staring up at her, this time from the open pages of Mom's Bible. No, it was not too late. It was never too late. Suddenly she slid to her knees and, bowing her head, hid her face

(Continued on page 11)

"There Is No Death"

By EVANGELINE BOOTH

DEAD! The village was dead! Shell-wrecked, it lay in the hollow and along one slope of a gentle, hill-rimmed valley, straddling the narrow, dusty road with the twin rows of devastated homes which straggled out irregularly into the surrounding untilled fields.

A strange silence broods over the lonely and cheerless scene. Ah, that is it! The hungry guns are silent. Their five-year discord of hate and murder, crashing through its final fortissimo movement into a concert of destruction, is ended.

Patches of dull-red tile from riven roofs show here and there—like the clotted blood of slain beasts—among the tortured ruin of fallen walls and fire-twisted girders. Whirligigs of gray dust eddy lazily between the uncovered graves, as though making a fitful and melancholy attempt to enfold again the rudely disinterred dead of the centuries-old graveyard—war knows no sacred ground—while a splintered wooden crucifix hangs loosely on the weirdly torn walls, where twenty generations of peaceful villagers have worshipped the Prince of Peace.

From the hilltop all seems dead—dead with the cold and rigid death of a thousand neglectful years! Not one breath of life in the dreary and devastated village!

A Voice Of Hope

But the sweet spring breeze, blowing warmly up from the south, gently whispers: "I am the life renewer, the harbinger of happy summer days, the herald of fruitful harvests, the call of animation to a myriad of throbbing living things in land, in hill, in dale. Man, thou art a fool!"

Throughout the village ripples a singing streamlet, swollen into a current of leaping and laughing gold. In strange little inlets which once were ugly shell craters, it swirls and then sweeps on to wash with delicate fingers the fallen masonry and to caress into submission splintered beams that seek to stay its happy course.

Where once the whirring wheels

and roaring furnace of the village glass factory sang in strains of industry and prosperity, there now remains only a tumbled pile of demolished stone, crumbled brick and rusty, tortuous iron.

Hanging over the heightened stream a broken mill-wheel creaks drearily as the rising water stirs restlessly around its battered, rubbish-choked paddles.

"Dead!" grates the wheel. "Dead! The village is dead!"

The Source Of Life

But the stream, newborn from the purity of mountain snows, ripples, softly singing: "Nay, I am the life-giver. I flow through the land, stirring to life the vines on the hill sides and the grains of the fields. From my crystal arteries trees and beasts and birds and men drink and live. Wheel, thou art a fool!"

With her brood clinging tightly to her well-spread skirts a French peasant woman, broad of face, wrinkled and weary with war, trudges down the winding, dusty road and into the shattered village. With strange, hard mutterings of sorrow she pauses before each empty, gaping doorway, only to pass slowly on to the next.

At last she stops in front of the burned-out, fractured walls of her home. Wearily she eases a huge bundle of blankets and miscellaneous household gear from her bent shoulders to the sagging doorstep. Great, unavailing tears roll down her sunbrowned cheeks. She enters, delving among the debris, and brings to light splintered bits of treasured furniture, reminders of the dear, happy days before the guns began their dirge of death.

All is dead! Shattered! Gone! Every fond and pretty home thing loved by that peasant woman vanished forever!

She covers her face with her rough, worn hands; but there is a gurgle of delight as baby fingers reach out toward the spot where, springing out of the crevice in the tumbled wall, there flames a crimson poppy, and through tear-dimmed eyes she sees a soft carpet of

moss creeping protectingly over the ruined masonry; tender shoots of grass thrusting freshly up through the gray, dead dust of destruction; and here and there and everywhere infant blossoms with little pink cheeks and blue eyes, looking up to the sky and curtsying fragrantly and reverently in the evening breezes.

A peaceful smile like a benediction settles upon the tired mother's face. Drawing the baby close against her breast she whispers: "Ah, baby mine, all is not dead! While the good God can still make for you a cradle of flowers is it not that life must live?"

Like a golden globe sinking slowly away into eternity, the sun drops down behind the quiet hills, gilding with shafts of light three white crosses silhouetted against the sky. "Dead!" say the three little crosses.

"Dead!" records the war office. "Dead!" wail three broken hearts.

But the glories of the passing day transmute the floating cloudlets into a group of white angels, with pinions of light, mounting a pearl-studded stairway that runs from the graves to the sky. They appear to hasten as though, enfolded in their golden arms, they carried priceless treasures to the throne.

Instinctively the eyes of the peasant woman turn to the splintered crucifix, hanging lonesomely upon the rifted church wall. The last spears of light transfigure to blazing jewels the thorns pressed hard upon the sacred brow.

In her simple way, with wide eyes fastened upon that face, she murmurs:

"All life has risen out of death! And all death is but to be made into life again! Life is immortal, though it seems to perish as the leaves—Man cannot die!"

For the words came back which she heard before the little church was wrecked:

"I am the Resurrection and the Life!"

Like the rustling of wind in the empty places comes a sound, as though sky splendour would speak in articulate voice, saying: "While spring breezes blow, while streams flow down to the sea, while flowers bloom in the hedges, while the sun holds its course through the skies, while God rules in His Heaven, while the gates of Glory stand wide, there is no death."

What Happened To Your Hand?

WHAT was the artist's purpose in painting this picture?

Perhaps he was trying to suggest a scene in Heaven. John describes it as a place of rivers and trees; why not flowers? Can Heaven be like this — a place of carpet-like lawns, lush vegetation, brilliant flowers — and children; a place where the little ones can roam about at will, without any thought of danger or sin? Suddenly, Jesus is in their midst. Eagerly they crowd about Him, and He seats Himself, takes one of their number on His knee, and talks to them simply and tenderly. What more natural than that one of the little ones — in that disarming tactlessness so characteristic of children — notices the wound in His hand, and asks Him how it happened! We can imagine how lovingly Jesus would unfold the story of His life on earth and His sacrifice on Calvary.

But I prefer to think that the artist's intention is to give us a scene in some quiet but lovely garden in this life, where the children of one family are playing together. Suddenly the Saviour Himself ap-

A

Tender

Easter

Reverie



in the hand of Christ, for, surely, He is thinking that the little girl should *know* the answer.

On Easter Sunday — with the glories of nature speaking of resurrection, power and new life — does she not know that Jesus died the cruel death of shame on the Cross and the third day rose again? Have the children never heard of the agony in the garden? The trial before Pilate? The scourging and the mockery? The weary climb up

different to religion because he has never been made to see the meaning of the wounds in his hands?

Let me urge you to take every opportunity that comes to tell those round about you "What happened to His Hand."

A LONG EARNEST GAZE

HOW easy it is to sing "When I survey the Wondrous Cross." But this does not mean, as a contemplation of the singers would often suggest, to take a casual glance. The word "survey" infers that one will view the cross attentively from all angles; to realize fully its significance to mankind. The Cross—Calvary—was the scene of a stupendous victory. Death, sin, and Satan were overcome by life, redemption, and the Redeemer. It is more than possible that we do not hear enough concerning the Cross. We should consider more often what it was that the Saviour really suffered on our behalf; we should enter more into His agony in the Garden—agony of soul as well as of body.

One Calvary thought—it ends on the note of Easter triumph: if Christ was able at His birth to cause Herod to tremble and at His death to make the world shake (the phases of life when man is most helpless), how much more can He do now that He has risen from the dead! Hallelujah!

By The Territorial Commander COMMISSIONER WYCLIFFE BOOTH

pears and, sitting down, draws the children to Him and takes the youngest on His knees.

And as she sees the wounded hand, she puts the question to Him — "What happened to your hand?"

The picture is lovely in conception. To my way of thinking it is a true work of art for it moves me not only by its beauty but by its message.

The message it brings to me is one of sadness. I feel that the little girl's question re-opens the wound

Calvary's Hill, and the nails in His hands and feet?

This is not the little girl's fault. If she needs to ask, is it because she has never sat on her Mother's knee and heard about Jesus, nor heard the story from a loving heart in Sunday school?

Dear Reader, could this happen in your home? Is there a boy or girl in your family who does not understand the measure of Christ's sacrifice for us? Is there any one of your friends who is utterly in-



THE MIND REELS WHEN IT BEGINS HAD NOT KNOWN THE INSPIRATION IF CHRIST

Let us think for a moment of the following consequences:

If Christ be not risen, there would be no Easter Day. The greatest of earth's festivals would be impossible. All the symbolism of life, from the bursting bulb and the first flowers of spring, would be meaningless. All those precious jewels of Christian hope so treasured for nineteen centuries would be lost.

William Temple wrote, "Without the resurrection, the passion itself would be robbed of meaning. Without this, the whole Christian structure falls to pieces, and all talk of atonement is empty words, 'vanity of vanities.' Advent, Christmas, Epiphany, Good Friday alone are helpless to save."

If Christ be not risen, there would be no Sunday. Sabbath Day, yes, but no Sunday.

"On this day, the Eternal Son
Over death, His triumph won."

If Christ be not risen there would be no Christian church. The Archbishop of Canterbury has so truly said: "The resurrection of our Lord changed the course of human history. It brought into being a society with a faith so profound and powerful as to alter radically the direction of the world's political affairs. But if we are truly possessed of this Easter faith, we are members of this Easter society which we call the Church."

What a new and meaningful name for the Church—"The Easter Society!"

Paul anticipated our "if" as he wrote the letter to those early Christians at Corinth, this young church, this Easter Society. "Now if the rising of Christ from the dead is the very heart of our message, how can some of you deny that there is any resurrection?" 1. Corinthians 15: 12. (Phillips).

JOHN Henry Newman tried to imagine what would be his reaction if he were to look out upon the world and see no trace of God, no foot-marks of the Eternal. He writes: "It would be just as if I were to look into a mirror and not see my face." Paul felt a shock like that when he wrote: "If Christ be not risen—if—if."

Henry Rogers writes in a similar strain in his book, *The Eclipse of Faith*. He tries to picture his own thoughts and also the effect upon the world, if some powerful hand had wiped out every trace and influence of Christ from mankind, just as a teacher with one sweep of his brush would wipe from the blackboard of life every word and mark of the chalk.

All those precious and inspiring books and manuscripts in the world's libraries would disappear and over one-half of the shelves would be empty and bare. The sun of righteousness would be darkened and the rays of light would cease to shine.

We would look in vain for the "Paradiso" of Dante, the "Paradise Regained" of the blind Milton, the "In Memoriam" of a mourning Tennyson and the "Saul" of thoughtful Browning.

The art galleries of the world would be a sorry sight! Three-quarters of those glorious rooms would be empty. The Royal Gallery at Dresden would cherish no "Sistine Madonna," Raphael's "Transfiguration" on the walls of the Vatican would be lost; Leonardo's

"The Last Supper" would vanish from the chapel in Milan.

The spiritual aspirations of the world's dreamers and builders would be stilled. In vain would we search for Michael Angelo's "St. Peter's," Brunelleschi's "Duomo" in Florence, Wren's "St. Paul's" on Ludgate Hill. Indeed it would be dark! No Christ! No resurrection! No salvation! No hope!

Some years ago, in a large public hall in Moscow, Comrade Linatcharsky, Soviet Commissary of Education, was giving a lecture in which he said: "This Christian Faith is the product of the capitalistic class. It is very easy to prove it to be false." The address seemed to be impressive, and pleased with his eloquence, he invited any member of the audience to discuss the subject, but for a period of five minutes only. There came forward a young priest, quite shy and awkward. The Soviet officer looked at him scornfully and said: "Remember, five minutes only!"

The priest said, "I'll not take that long." Facing the tense audience he cried: "Brothers and sisters, Christ is risen!"

The audience rose en masse, and shouted the usual Easter response, "Verily, Christ is risen!" The Soviet's eloquence counted for nothing. The priest stepped down; the audience dispersed. Christ had conquered!

"If Easter be not true,
Then all the lilies low must lie;
The Flanders poppies fade and die;
The spring must lose her fairest bloom
For Christ were still within the tomb,—
If Easter be not true."

TO CONTEMPLATE A WORLD THAT
 PRESENCE OF JESUS

HAD NOT RISEN



"If Christ is not risen, then is our preaching vain." This proclamation, as by a royal herald, is vain, is a foolish fancy, a pathetic mockery. The proclamation of the Good News, the Eternal Gospel by St. Patrick and St. Columba, by a Savonarola and a Luther, by a Wesley and a Temple, is false and empty.

"If Christ is not risen, your faith is vain." (Here we find a different word for "vain;" it means futile and fruitless.) Your faith is rooted in a delusion; the foundation of your house is sand. Yes, the faith of the noble army of martyrs is vain.

"If Christ is not risen, you are still in your sins." The liberty which you dreamed you possessed has no meaning. The chains which bound you still encircle you. Your sins are still scarlet.

"If Christ be not risen, they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished." Phillips uses the words, "are utterly dead and gone."

Put it all together! What a dark and sombre picture. Over the entrance to such an "if" are the words—"All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

But turn on the lights! Let truth shine forth! Listen to the glorious Te Deum of the redeemed and the hallelujah chorus of the Saints of God!

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

"If Easter be not true—
 But it is true, and Christ is risen!
 And mortal spirit from its prison
 Of sin and death with Him may rise!
 Worthwhile the struggle, sure the prize,
 Since Easter, aye, is true!"
 —Canadian Churchman

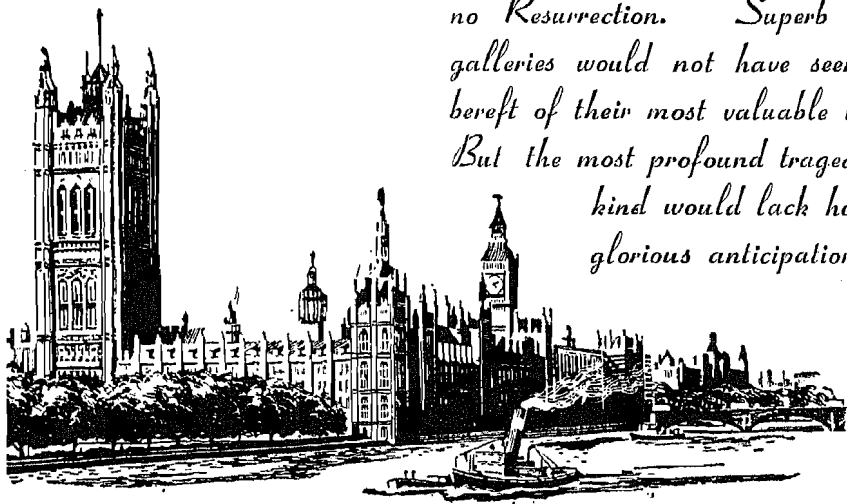
THE EMPTY GRAVE

Of every true follower of Christ, it may now be said, "He is not here, for He is risen." The grave—the old place of sin—may be seen. The wrappings—the deeds of his past life—may be remembered. But a resurrection has changed him.

If you cannot say this, Easter has no meaning for you. You are still in the darkness and night of the dread Friday. You are bound fast with the grave clothes of sin. But, this Eastertide, the call comes to you. Cast off your bonds, open your soul, and cry "O, Thou Risen Christ, come in, come in!"

There would be no Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral or many other magnificent shrines had there been no Resurrection. Superb works of art in all the world's galleries would not have seen the light; libraries would be bereft of their most valuable books; museums of many treasures. But the most profound tragedy would be the fact that mankind would lack hope, for Christ's rising meant a glorious anticipation of future bliss, and eternal life for all who believe in Him, and do His will continually.

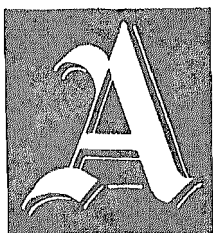
Let us rejoice this Easter season in the certainty that Jesus is alive forever more!



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JOY

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ALTHOUGH we know much about the life of Jesus there is still much more about which we know nothing; for instance, the many thoughts that must have possessed

His mind and to which He did not give expression. We speak of Him as a "Man of Sorrows" and thereby allow ourselves to presume that His life was devoid of joy, yet there is a good deal of evidence, did we but search for it, to assure us that He often found delight in company with the sons of men and much gladness in the humble homes of Galilee.

When we fully understand its divine source we realize that, despite His loneliness and, despite the heavy burden of men's needs and sins that He carried, no human heart ever thrilled with a joy to equal that of Jesus.

Did that joy suddenly fade away as, under the weight of a cross and with the sting of the whip still smarting His back, He made His way to Golgotha's height? Did the fount of His joy suddenly dry up after He had given the spirit of it as a legacy to His disciples and did He have none left for Himself?

I dare not think that this was so. Surely, though He marched to the

place of death amid an atmosphere of anger and hate, there was still left to Him some consolations that kept alive a sense of joy in His heart. It is upon these joys that I would ask you to meditate.

HE STILL RETAINED THE JOY OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF HIS SINLESSNESS.

In the days of His ministry no one had been able to challenge His question: "Which of you convinceth Me of sin?" Though during His trial He had been subjected to a great injustice, the accusations made against Him being utterly false, His spirit had not wavered, nor had even the shadow of resentment been apparent. The spirit of rebellion did not rise within Him. There was, and could be, no accusing voice of conscience and though His body was soon to be broken there was at no time any need for Him to sob the broken prayer of the penitent. Someone has truly said: "Even on the cross His life of sinlessness makes sunshine in His heart."

HE STILL RETAINED HIS CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

That was the source of His joy. Throughout His life He had met with all the vagaries and weaknesses of human nature as He dealt with men and their needs. He had suffered at the hand of men and they occasioned Him

grievous disappointment, for they eagerly took bread from hands they disdained the Bread of Life.

He had seen men following Him day and forsaking Him the next who would dare to say that He never have been tempted to find confidence in His Father strained. Even the strongest cable must be the test of strain. But always His faith in His Father had upborne and so, even on the way to death will not allow His joy—found in realization that He is in His Father's will—to be lost.

AND ON THE WAY TO CALVARY MUST HAVE SPRUNG UP WITHIN HIM A NEW SOURCE OF JOY.

Service and sacrifice—the fountains of true joy—were brought into action in a new way; the world still suffers from the death that it is when man is being crucified; that he knows the greatest joys of service and sacrifice had been the mark of all His relationship with men, making children glad, wiping the tears of the mourner, healing the broken heart, breaking bread for hungry multitudes.

And now He makes His way to the consummation of all His service and sacrifice. Surely, if His earlier service and sacrifice had brought joy they would not flee Him now. Do not forget that the day of His death saw the saddest and most tragic in history, but let us not forget that "for the joy that was set before Him" He endured and faced that

There was, I like to think, a source of spiritual delight in His soul

heer Jesus repeatedly urged His disciples to be
erful things have I spoken unto you that My joy
ht you and that your joy might be full", He
eratis it possible for Him to maintain His serenity
ne terrible ordeal that awaited Him? The writer
es convincing proofs that Jesus was able to keep
inwoven in the garden and on Golgotha's cross.

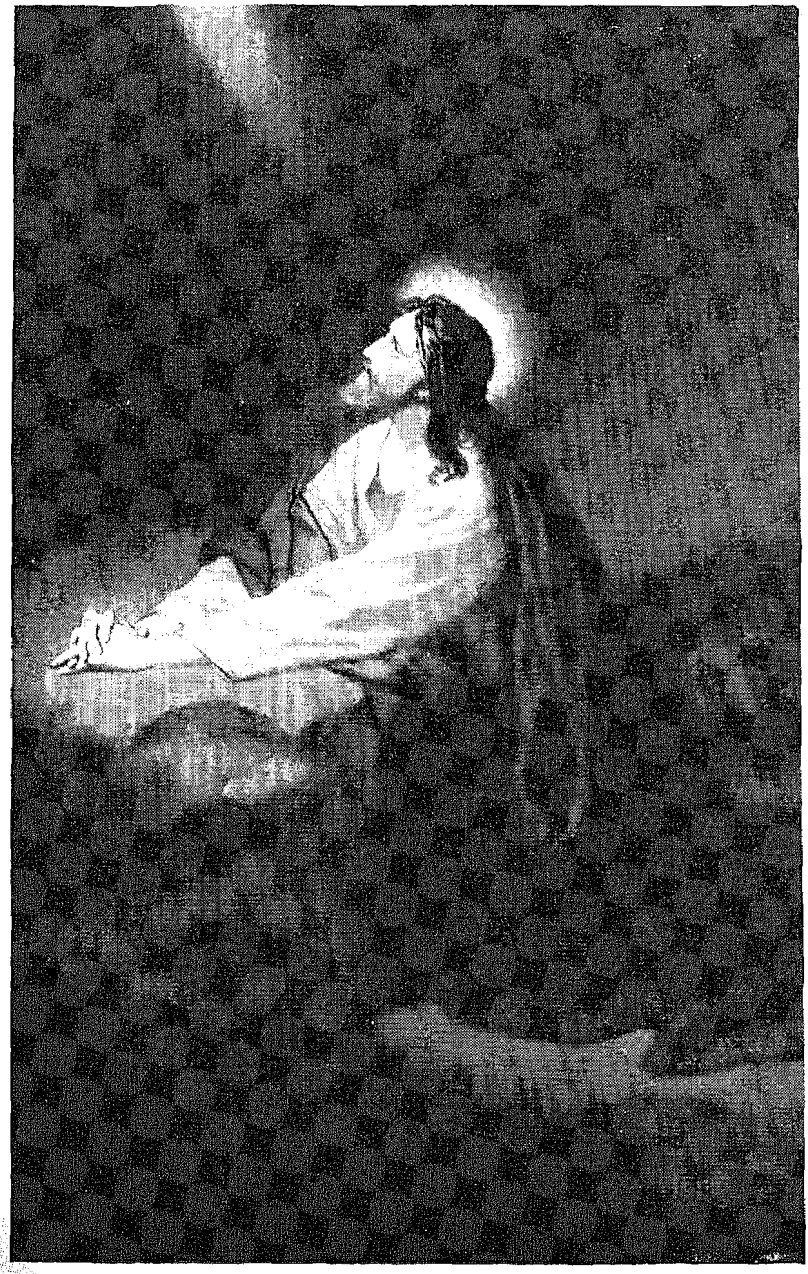
the Shadow of the Cross

for w made His way to the place of His death
from and the thought in His mind that the
Bread worst that could happen to Him would
not efface it.

g Him He confidently knew there would be
next, another day after this one. There
He would be an Eastertide! He knew that
o find there was to be another place that
strain would know His presence after His
must s body had hung on the cross. There
s His t would be a garden in which, at the en-
borne l trance of an empty tomb, He would
death, bring joy to a mourner's heart. He also
ind in doubtless knew that there would be
is Fat another road that He would tread after
He had climbed Calvary's hill: it
JARY T would be the road to Emmaus, and in
IN His a simple meal in a humble home He
would make Himself known to two of
His friends in the breaking of bread.

he tr There are sorrows that can be more
ere b easily borne when one knows that the
r way, "sorrow shall be turned to joy", and
e delu the greatest of all joys that must have
ing ser held the heart of Jesus, as His tired

that I can share with Him the deep
delight in spiritual things that must
have throbbled in His heart when He
was on the way to Calvary.
Let no word that I write suggest a



their tears and for their despondency!

True, He was at that time robbed of
many earthly joys, but there remained
the joys of the Spirit. He had already
bestowed upon His disciples a legacy
of joy which He had said no man could
take from them, and such a joy He also
retained for Himself no matter how
villainous the deeds of His accusers.

Calvary, then, is proved to be an oc-
casion for triumph, and the joy of the
heart of Christ still flows on in His
redeeming service and sacrifice. But
are YOU making His joy *supreme* by
your ready acceptance of all that He
offers you through this service and
sacrifice?

On Good Friday, the day on which
we especially commemorate and medi-
tate upon Calvary, the joy of Jesus can
spring up, "remain in you," and inspire
you the remainder of your life.

By General Wilfred Kitching

body went to its death, was surely the
knowledge that His service and sacri-
fice would purchase for man the great-
est joy in the knowledge of the for-
giveness of sin.

That joy can be the portion of all of
us. For myself I am glad that He did
not allow the sorrows of death to
slay His spirit, and I am grateful

diminishing of the reality of His
physical sufferings. We must not be
forgetful of His pain and anguish,
but the Last Supper had not been
without its festal joy, and this is
sensed in His prayer on that occasion.
When the wailing of the women of
Jerusalem broke on His ear it would
seem that He almost chided them for



The Soldier's Question

ONE of our Canadian chaplains has spoken of his brigade waiting in the trenches for zero hour. A young officer asked him, "Padre, is there really anything after death? Tell me, as man to man, what you think? Do we go on living in any sort of way?" He struck a match to light a cigarette and a gust of wind blew it out. Then he continued, "Or do we just go out?"

This great theme has been wrestled with by artists, poets, preachers and philosophers. It is difficult to say who has made the greatest contribution. Many keen minds and other less profound, but receptive minds, have sat in endless pews waiting, waiting for a touch of light on Easter Sunday. Personally, we must confess that no artist has produced a resurrection painting that satisfies. Most of us find richer satisfaction in the New Testament story, in one or two great oratorios, or in the hallelujahs of the great hymns of victory.

Eager Inquiries

Certain philosophies have created an indifference to the question of a life beyond the grave. The glamour of progress that fascinated so many minds before two world wars had blotted out concern for eternal life. Pursuit of pleasure and a butterfly existence have stifled thought about a nobler, fuller life. Nevertheless, in recent years there has been fresh inquiry and some are searching for an answer.

Sceptics have said that belief in a future life is due to man's selfish desires for continuance. The great scientist, Charles Darwin, once disputed with some friends that there

is a life beyond the grave. Nevertheless, when he found himself studying one of the most primitive tribes in the heart of South America, he found that they believed in a form of immortality. Such conceptions may be far removed from the Christian belief — but strangely enough they prevail.

Unmistakable Evidence

It is the testimony of Scripture that brings us richest satisfaction. Gospels and epistles speak of the many appearances of Jesus. The disciples saw Him; He appeared to the women who went first to the tomb; He walked with the disciples on their Emmaus pilgrimage and appeared afterwards to 500 brethren.

Had Christ not risen what would have happened to the young Church? The twelve had lost their Leader. Their faith was shattered, the One whom they hoped would redeem Israel had been crucified. But the miracle of a resurrected Church followed His appearances and hope was restored. Even the doubting disciple exclaimed, "My Lord and my God." The Easter message that revived the early church is still the same in 1958, "As a Church of Jesus Christ, march forward!"

Many who have not shared in the Christian revelation have admitted that the human soul has an incomparable worth that lifts it above the mortality of all natural things. God

has given us moral and religious endowments, granted us vision and the opportunity to grow in grace and in the knowledge of Christ. Perhaps we have not accepted or exercised these gifts of God.

All this opportunity and assurance stem from a God of holiness and love — a God whose sense of justice would not condemn to oblivion or extinction the human soul, made in His image. For God will not leave us in the dust, and life on earth at its fullest is but a fragment. So we believe that, because on that Easter morn, Jesus, the pioneer of life, rose victorious over the tomb, we, too, who seek to follow after Him shall share in the life everlasting.

Jesus lives! Henceforth is death
But the gate to life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Hallelujah!

— Presbyterian Life.

He Is Not Dead!

IN every trembling bud and bloom
That cleaves the earth, a flowery sword,
I see Thee come from out the tomb,
Thou risen Lord.

Thou art not dead! Thou art the whole
Of life that quickens in the sod;
Green April is Thy very soul,
Thou great Lord God.
Charles Hanson Towne

Why Did Judas Do It?

WHO cleared the table after the Last Supper? Did the women who watched the crucifixion, and who so often ministered to our Lord, enter that upper apartment after the disciples had gone to the Garden, to find, maybe, upon the table, the scattered remnants of a sad meal—twelve empty plates, and on the thirteenth an untouched sop of bread?

If this reconstruction is true the significance of that sop of bread is that it contains the secret of the troubles of the Christian Church.

Alone of the twelve disciples Judas broke the circle of communion with Christ. The bread that was broken was eaten—but for the sop, that lay untouched. When Judas broke the communion with Christ he started the series of events that culminated in the most terrible tragedy of history, the crucifixion of the Christ of God.

Did Judas betray Christ in his greed for thirty pieces of silver? The lust of material riches stifles the soul of a Christian.

Did Judas resent the "inner fellowship" that Peter, James and John enjoyed? Jealousy, too, is spiritually fatal.

Did Judas betray Christ in the hope of precipitating a nationalist revolution, although Christ had opposed the idea of political revolt? Many Christians today are far more intent upon their own plans for God's Kingdom than they are upon learning God's will; and the clash of two opposing uninspired plans in one Christian community results in chaos and injury to the cause of Christ.

Did Judas default because he was constantly revealed as a sinner, in contrast to the pure light of Christ's holiness, to such an extent that either he must accept the sovereignty of Jesus or break the communion?

Nobody likes to be stamped with the brand of sin, but, face to face with Christ in the inner soul, each of us has to bow in penitence, or break away in weakness.

The tragedy is that so many professing believers have never had a real experience of the sense of shame for sin which Judas may have felt at the Last Supper and certainly displayed when he went out and hanged himself.

Did Judas become an outcast because he was the only Judaeon among twelve Galileans; one cool, careful man in a group of impetuous enthusiasts? Temperamental differences have shattered many a Christian community, but in the

Church, as in Heaven, the lion must walk in peace with the lamb.

Was Judas a prey to stark fear—wishing to "put himself right" with the authorities who must soon take vengeance upon Jesus? Fear in its various forms (fear of loss of popularity, fear of looking foolish, fear of losing influence with "outside" folk) is one of the deadliest enemies of progress.

The Christian society has always contained too many adherents who have not taken the trouble to study and understand the doctrines of Christ, and such disciples are easily diverted from the way God has planned.

Whatever the motive of Judas, the most fateful fact is that the communion with Jesus was broken. And the believer who loses contact with the spirit of Jesus treads dangerous-



ly in the footsteps of Judas, contemplates the same treachery, risks the same betrayal.

Therefore, "Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."
The War Cry, London

AN EASTER ASSIGNMENT

(Continued from page 3)

in the smooth white counterpane of Mom's bed.

She knelt there for a long time, until at last the afternoon shadows began to creep into the room. Into her heart had come the peace of surrender, of consecration. From henceforth, she would walk in newness of life. . . .

"Are you with me, dear? I must have slept." Mom's gentle whisper brought her to her feet. "I feel so rested and good. I must have dreamed. I thought I heard Randy's voice. He said, 'Can I see her now?' and I heard the nurse whisper, 'Wait until she wakes up.'"

Gail's heart stood still. Mom's mind was wandering. This was the beginning of the end. Then the door opened, and a lithe, familiar figure entered and stepped swiftly up to the bed.

"Mom!" The voice was only a husky whisper, but Mom heard. "It's Randy. I've come to stay with you now. For keeps, Mom. To help you get well and strong again."

When Gail finally left the hospital, she descended the stone steps and then stopped. For the second time that day, her hands came up over her heart. A man was leaning

against the iron railing, a tall familiar silhouette in the dusk.

"Hugh!"

They fell into step, walking slowly down the street together.

"I met a wonderful chaplain at the coast Gail, a Salvationist. And he helped me—to find God. And all the while I kept thinking of how I had led Randy into wrong. And so I—"

"I know." Gail smiled to herself in the darkness. "Randy told me. You wrote to him at the reformatory. Letter after letter. Urging him to go straight when he came out. And you won his heart over again. But this time it was for right, not wrong. And when he got out of the reformatory he hurried straight out to coax you to come back home with him."

"Home!" Hugh choked on the word. "To start all over again, Gail? Could you—with a failure? Could we begin at the beginning, not as we were, but as we hope to be, with God's help?"

"'In newness of life,' Hugh. I read that verse this very afternoon. It was God's message to us both."

Courtesy Chicago War Cry

NOT MADE TO DIE

BY DIXON GORDON, Toronto

AT this season of our Christian year the message of the empty tomb abides. If at the Cross we find new courage in the reminder of God's eternal love, then at the resurrection we find new hope in God's eternal presence.

Think of Kennison's "In Memoriam" as you will—either as a mournful lament of a soul who has lost a friend and is not prepared to accept that fact, or as I prefer to think of parts of it, as an expression of confidence in the Christian doctrine of immortality. We must all agree that he has expressed in at least one of its stanzas what is the deepest aspiration of all our souls: that

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die:
And Thou hast made him; Thou art just."

All of us, at some time or another, would find some real assurance from within the borders of that land from whence our traveller returns. It is the universal cry of men's hearts—"After death, what?" "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Surely the message of Easter is a message of this abiding fact—the eternal presence of the eternal God. The poet has expressed it thus:

Christ is risen! Deep within
Every charnel-house of sin
Lives a spark which yet may shine
Radiant with a life divine.

We who name the name of Christ, we who claim that by His own resurrection we ourselves are the heirs of eternity, surely we of all people in this hectic world, with its hates and suspicions, its selfishness and its thoughtlessness, have both reason and obligation to live radiantly and to cast about us the charm of our Christian conviction.

Love And Duty

"Lo! the winter is past."—Song of Sol. 2:11.

WHAT a change has come over the face of the earth! A little while ago all nature seemed either dying or dead. Silence as of sodden decay, a cloud like a funeral pall hung over the dreary land. But now the chill mists have departed, the lark is singing at the ruby portals of "the jocund morn."

What means this marvellous and welcome change? What is the secret of the glory and joy? Just this, that we have been drawing closer to the sun, and the proximity spells spring and summer for a saddened world. The birds are singing and the buds are bursting; there is the promise of harvest and of fruit, because we are approaching the great luminary of heaven.

"The LORD God is a sun"; the nearer we get to Him the sooner
(Continued foot column 3)

7 QUESTIONS in Preparation For Easter

Consider One Each Day During Your Prayer Practice

Is my conversation such that if Jesus overtook me along the road He could join in?

Is my ear tuned to the voice of Jesus, so that when I feel I have lost my Saviour I recognize Him as soon as He utters my name?

Do I avoid the cup of self-sacrifice when it is offered to me?

Are all my prayers and promises of love, all my salutes and kisses for Jesus, quite sincere?

Have I bartered my life with Him for some advantage offered to me by His enemies?

Is my service to Christ of any use to Him in times of His agony and suffering for the sins of the world?

Are my tears merely sentimental when I read the story of Calvary, or do I really feel the sins of the world in some small measure, as Jesus did?

DAWN

SHE came at dawn—weeping bitter tears,
Mary Magdalene.

All hope was gone—before her stretched the years,
Friendless and lean!
For He was dead—He who had bidden flee
The seven fiends that ruled her heart
And made life—misery.

They came at dawn—with spices fragrant, sweet,
To anoint the Christ.
Hearts aflame with love, devotion's hand replete,
Keeping a sacred trust!
They came at dawn—two angels robed in white,
From Heaven's throne—
Heralding day, dispelling death's long night,
To roll away the stone!

When Mary came, she found the sepulchre
Unsealed—its captive fled.
Angelic voices spoke glad words to her:
"He is not dead!
Oh, weeping woman, dry thy fallen tear,
He whom thou seekest is no longer here!"
Turning aback she saw the gardener;
"Mary!" He said—the voice revealed to her
The risen Lord! Rabboni!
And it was dawn!

—M. J. Scott.

THE DYNAMIC OF HOPE

THE blackness, bleakness and barrenness of winter gives way to the light, loveliness and life of spring and, after nearly 2,000 years, the impressiveness and effectiveness of the Resurrection remains. In place of disappointment, despair and demoralization comes joy, hope and courage. Hallelujah! He arose!

"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. . . . But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ," said Paul.

It was the dynamic of Easter hope which gave the world a Livingstone, a Grenfell, a Wesley, a Booth and a Brengle; and for them, as for all men, Easter only took—and takes on—its full meaning when the reality of an Easter morning is experienced.

Easter takes care of our yesterdays, todays, and tomorrows.

He bore our sins on the Cross.
He companions us along our Emmaus Road.
He promises that where He is, we shall be.

The Core of the Faith

DURING the Easter season the shadow of the Cross looms against the sky. No one who reads the four Gospels, with an open mind, can be blind to the fact that the writers seem to give a mysterious and unusual importance to the Passion and Death of Jesus.

In the lives of the great heroes of humanity, the episode of death is only the concluding chapter. But one-third of the entire Gospels deals with this subject. In the rest of the New Testament, the importance of Christ's sufferings is even higher. It colours every page.

In the history of the Christian Church, the bald, historical statement in the Creed is not only intended to be a statement of fact: The words of the Creed which is formally recited by every Christian Church, "suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried," are the core of the Christian Faith.—R. J. R.

(Continued from column 1)
will "the winter of our discontent" be passed; the quicker will "life blossom into song," the more abundantly shall we bring forth fruit to the glory of our God. All joy, all usefulness, all beauty, all hope, lie in proximity to Him.

THE WAR CRY is indebted to the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Washington, D.C.—and to Harry Andersen, the artist—for permission to use the picture on the front page, and on page five, "What happened to Your Hand?"

IT TOOK A TRAGEDY

To Save The Christian's Son

"MOTHER, why can't we? All the fellows do it. What's wrong with having a few drinks here at home? The fellows won't come to our house for the party unless we have some drinks for them."

"Well son, your father and I have been talking it over and, being church people all our lives, we feel that we cannot do this sort of thing."

Son turned away huffed because we wouldn't do what he asked. The party was called off when the fellows found that no drinks would be served. The whole matter wounded us very deeply for it brought a hiatus between son and ourselves that was becoming more and more difficult to bridge.

Uncasy Queries

What was to be done? Why was son now often irregular at church and Sunday school? Why had he so recently refused to take leadership in the new set-up of the young people's union? Why had he come home and said that the group was run by a couple of "jerks"? Why had he said that he was glad to get it over with and get away with the fellows?

Then the other day stark dismay and a terrible wave of sharp distress swept over me when I found, in son's pocket, cards and dice and all the paraphernalia that a gambler might use. I sat down on the side of the bed weak and dizzy. What was society doing to my lad?

Hot, angry tears rolled down my cheeks. I felt terribly frustrated and blocked. Was it that I had been in the life round about me all these years and yet never a part of it? Was son going to find a happier life for himself if he took part in all these activities of modern society? Must Jim and I conform to the demands of society and let son have his way, or must we lose the happiness of our home and lose the friendship and love of our son at the same time?

The agony of all the hours and days which followed is confused in

my memory. The battle raged furiously in our home, though never in a terrible outbreak. Jim and I kept our tempers steadily though at times we were near the breaking point. Son was impatient and many of his friends were adamant, the cold war threatened so often to break into a real hot one.

It was a time of crisis for our family and I knew it. I found my way often to God and laid the matter many times before Him. Jim and I reintroduced family worship at the breakfast table; we thought we had been too busy a few years back and had let the habit slip. Son, usually very late for breakfast, came down one morning a bit early and overheard us praying for him. He was a bit sullen and said in low tones that he didn't want anyone praying for him. But I was startled when son said that he didn't know that we cared as much about him as that.

Had He Been With Them!

The climax came when son came in one night and with ashen face told us the story of the accident. The fellows had been out together for a bit of a party, some of them had taken a few more drinks than usual and then someone had come up with the idea of going down to the lake for a midnight swim.

Son was an orderly fellow, for I had taught him the habit in his early 'teens, and he stopped to tidy up the room a bit before he left. The rest of the gang drove off without him. Out on the main highway, the driver began to speed and then found that he could not make the turn. The car rolled over in the ditch several times. All the fellows went to the hospital and the driver died on the operating table. The morning light was breaking as son finished talking with dad and me.

The days that have followed have been new and wonderful days. Son meets us at the breakfast table with amazing regularity. While I feel that our "Gethsemane" is past, yet we must by God's grace, under-

gird him with hope and faith. There are many dark days ahead, I have no doubt, but son has a new vision of the meaning of life. Of his own accord he has returned to the church youth group and seldom misses the services. He has even attracted several of the fellows to come and be at service with him.

My heart goes out in sympathy to every mother and father and family who are facing the world in all its pagan strangeness these days. Must we conform? Must we allow the bastions of our Christian faith to be stormed and overwhelmed? Never . . . never . . . My song these days is that old hymn: "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord" . . . and then when it comes to the lines

"Fear not, for I am with thee; O be not dismayed. . . . When through the deep waters. . . . When through fiery trials . . . no, never forsake . . ."

I am convinced all is well.

Twenty-five years ago Canadian born, British publisher, Lord Beaverbrook, said, "If I were in a position to influence the life of a sincere young man today, I would say to him, 'Rather choose to be an evangelist than a cabinet minister or a millionaire.' When I was a young man, I pitied my father for being a poor man and a humble preacher of the Word. Now that I am older I envy him his life and career."—R.J.F.

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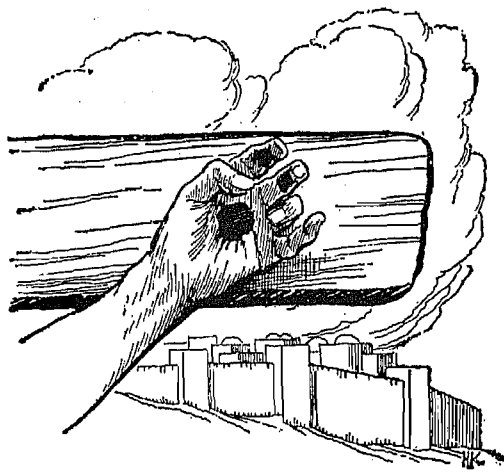
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He Belonged To All Ages

THE Cross of Christ rises on the horizon and will speak its eternal message to millions of human souls this Easter season. It has a teaching all its own, for it is the college of mystic learning to the hearts of men. When it was first erected on the Hill of Calvary the multitude gathered, and "sitting down they watched Him THERE." That is the focal point. We are watching Jesus where He appears at His greatest.

For the Cross is the place to see Him in His glory. Men may sit and watch Jesus from many a point of view, and He will always appear wonderful and great. See Him as He teaches the multitudes in golden words of wisdom and truth. There are no other words ever spoken like this man spoke. They may sit and watch Him and His work of ministering to the diseased. The Great Physician is a picture of Jesus at His work, giving strength to the crippled and sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, laying His cool, clean hands on the leper's loathsome flesh, and even restoring the dead to life.

They may see and watch Him, the Master of nature's forces, out there in the tiny boat in the midst of a storm at sea, and if you cup your ears you can hear above the winds and the waves His words: "Peace be still."

But it is when He appears on His Cross that He shines in the glory of His sacrificial love. And that is strange when you come to think of it for, as a rule, men are not at their best when they are dying. When life is failing, the eye is glazed and the gasping of breath is torture to the hearts of those who love.

Pilate would have given much to be able to forget the moment when he washed his hands and said: "I am free of the blood of this person." However, it is true of human nature—the mind of man is such an unpredictable thing that it is possible for him to look at fate itself, unmoved.

There are certain glimpses of a change in the attitude of the multitude as the hours of the Passion rolled on. Some went away bewildered. They knew that they had

teachers have had their day, but not Jesus. He is above men in that He belongs not to one tribe or nation, but to the human race. This Man on His Cross speaks to every one in the language in which he was born. He is the timeless Man, age cannot wither Him.

Finally, the Saviour whom we watch on His Cross is the Man of men. It seems that the whole purpose and significance of His life is revealed. We are carried back thirty-three years to the scene of

the angels over the fields of Bethlehem. We see the bronzed figure of the Baptist, standing waist deep in Jordan, pointing to his young Kinsman on the bank and crying: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." The significance of that thirty-three years' ministry comes to our eyes and the thought comes to us: here is one who was not only a man among men

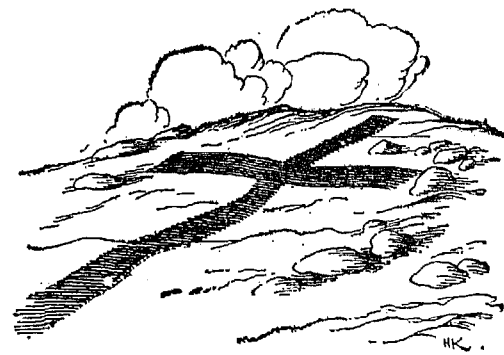
and a man above men, but He is a man FOR men. He is the Saviour. He is for me.—R. J. R.

TAKE COURAGE

H, sorrow smitten heart! If you could know

The message of that morning long ago! There is no dark despair that cannot be Evicted from the heart's Gethsemane; For faith is always more than unbelief, And vibrant courage triumphs over grief.

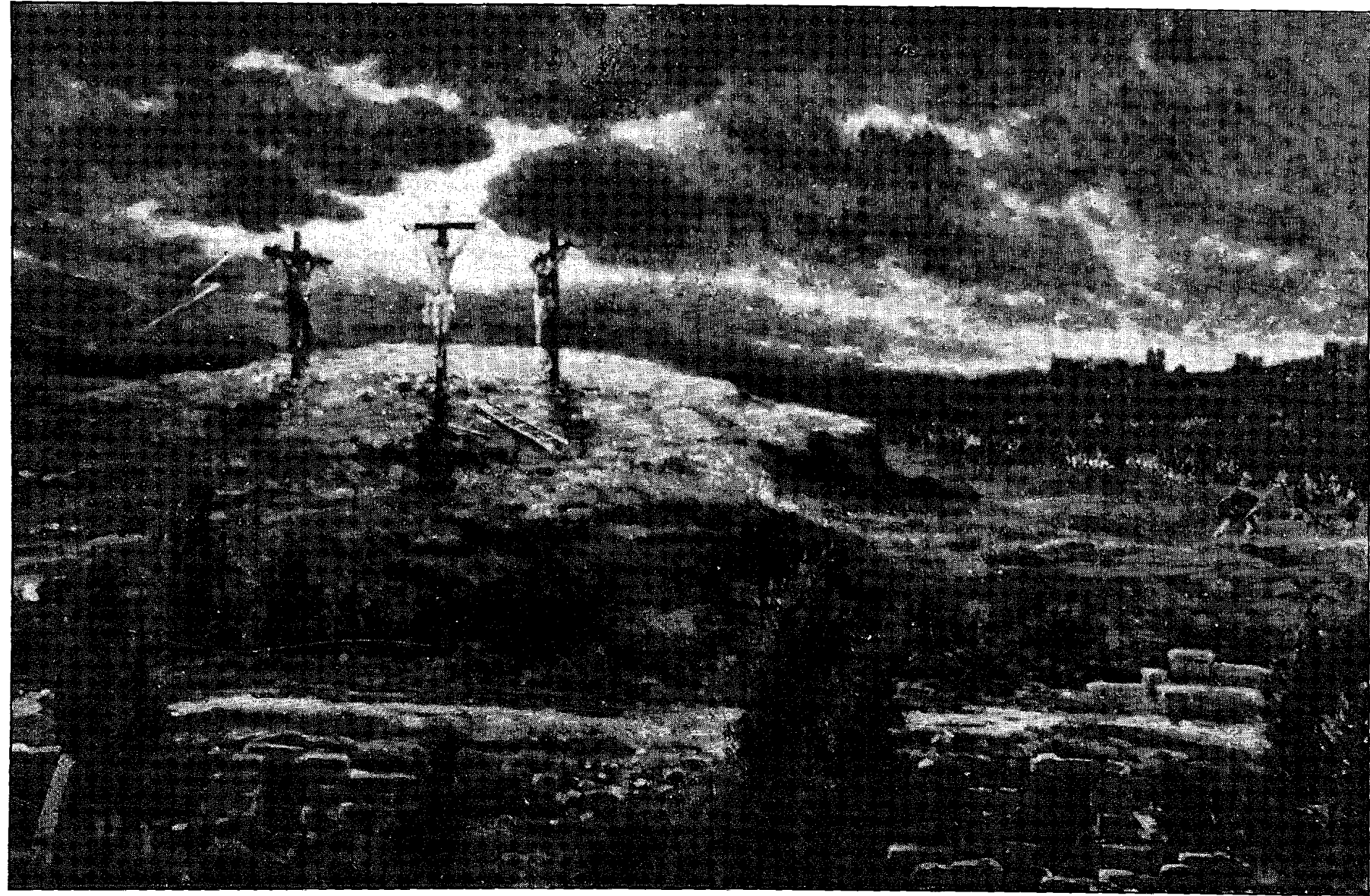
Mary E. McCullough.



seen something; the voice of Calvary had brought its lesson to their hearts. Those who remained until the end learned something which we may learn, too.

It must have occurred to those who knew Him best, as it has to all men since, that He was a Man above men. Here is the perfect Man, in Him all virtues combine and blend. He was strong and gentle, pure and genial, pious and practical. And as in spirit we join with the multitude under a Syrian sky, although the time is 2,000 years ago, we feel that this Man belonged, not to one age, but to all time. He is of all the ancients the most modern. Other

THE WAR CRY is indebted to the Review and Herald Publishing Association for permission to reproduce the lovely picture on the front page of this Easter number. The artist, Harry Andersen, also graciously gave his permission for the use of his masterpiece.



A small reproduction of a large oil-painting by Adolphe Errens, who died in 1939 aged seventy-three years. Mr. Errens studied in Holland and France, then roamed about Normandy and Bretagne, painting landscapes. His son, who kindly supplied the print of the picture above, writes: "Nature inspired my father with awe, making him a humble man. He returned to Holland, married and taught art in various schools. His work began to attract attention, and many of his paintings were hung in galleries throughout Europe and even in Russia. Shocked by the drama of the First World War he felt led to paint the Crucifixion, calling it 'Consummatum Est' ('It is finished'). In order to make his work life-like he made intensive studies in the Holy Land."

